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A Small Fortune



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

It was strange, finding something that shouldn't have been inside a fortune cookie.

A tiny map.

Chapter 2 by Rasmus Vinther



You follow the map

The map looked very old and had scratches everywhere, but i was intrigued what did this map lead to and why was it in a fortune cookie.

Chapter 3 by NASCRAFT



This map was very strangely made, for there were strange numbers and letters on the backside of this map. Here comes that one moment that you could've listened in geography class about coordinates, because that is what the numbers were. I didn't know where to start! Wait, what about that kid who sat behind me in geography, he would know all about this stuff!

Chapter 4 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I hadn't talked to Justin for years. I had his number. But now, I still had his phone number.

See more of Story Wars

It was clear that he didn't. I had his number. But now, I still had his phone number.

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"Sam! Oh, it's been so long since I've talked to you. How you doing? I got married and"

"Nice to talk to you too, Justin. Anyway, I found a map, but I don't understand the coordinates. Are you still in the area?"

"Nope. I moved to Brazil right after high school. I didn't go to college."

"Ok," I said, disappointed that my search had already come to a dead end. Who was I going to talk to about coordinates and other geography stuff?

"Thanks for calling!"

The phone clicked dead.

Chapter 5 by Jason Fu



Coordinates, maps and cookies.

"Ahh!" I screamed. "This is so frustrating!"

I took a stroll outside. The wind was blowing causing nearby trees to creak. The wind moaned as the sun began to set and the moon rise just like a disco ball being hung up on the ceiling. The lights shimmered through the night as it led me home from the Chinese restaurant. The map was old, yet still readable. I took a closer look at the map like a curious child waiting for an idea to pop into the mind. I sat down on my creaky chair Justin gave me for a present on the last day of High School.

I placed my hand on my oil black laptop, as cold as a piece of ice and as smooth as a spider's silk. I opened the laptop and peered into the forever spiraling loading screen as if it were a black hole in space, sucking light into it-and me as well.

I took another look at the map. something seemed familiar about it. I looked at the edges, the compass and the key. For a small map, it was very detailed to the smallest design.

Chapter 6 by Tig2r



Finally giving up on the map, I snatched my laptop and checked my email to see if I had gotten any mail. Then, something most unexpected happened.

A new email popped up. I clicked on it and it was from Justin. The email read:

Sam,

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You've found that map.
The map that lead me to Brazil.
Why didn't you tell me?
Whatever you do, don't come here.
--Justin

I was instantly suspicious. Taking a closer look at the map, I realized that there was a faint outline of a continent... South America!

And the coordinates: 1.8312° S, 78.1834° W.

I remembered something my geography teacher had told me: The Equator runs through Ecuador. About 1° South would be somewhere near there... or in Brazil.

Then a second email popped up. It was also from Justin. It comprised of only three words: Google Earth. Coordinates.

That was worth a try. I copy and pasted the coordinates into Google Earth. As I had suspected, Ecuador popped up.

That was where I was supposed to go.

Chapter 7 by Aedan Smith



I tried to find Justin's wife on Facebook. You know, just to see who she was. I found her. Her name was Ruby Cooper, she had black hair and lots of freckles. She looked very young. They had one adorable baby boy named William and all her pictures were of him of course. I decided to message her.

I wrote, Hi, I'm an old friend of Justin and I want to know how he's doing. I'd like to have a high school reunion party up here in Florida.

She wrote, I'm sorry to inform you this but Justin's been dead for 7 years.

I dropped the phone in horror.

Chapter 8 by Prep

Who in the heck did I speak with?

How did they know the in

My mind is racing. Who did

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I guess I can contemplate this forever, but I know I need to get to Ecuador. It's the only clue I have to help figure out what's going on here. I don't own a passport so getting out of the country may become a challenge. Time to get creative...

the end

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